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GENERAL DI CESNOLA'S COMMITTEE.

THE Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art have at length begun an investigation of the charges made in *THE ART AMATEUR* by Mr. Gaston L. Feuardent that improper repairs and restorations of objects have been made in the Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities. It is to be regretted, however, reason has been given for complaint, that while General di Cesnola, the accused—who is himself Director, Secretary, and a Trustee of the Museum—has personal friends on the committee, and moreover is in a measure fortified by his very position in the Museum, Mr. Feuardent, who brings the charges, has not been allowed to nominate a single member of the jury. The committee consists of President F. A. P. Barnard, of Columbia College; President Charles P. Daly, of the American Geographical Society; President Roswell D. Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, and Mr. W. C. Prime. These are all distinguished gentlemen, but it strikes us that the distinction which is theirs in every case lies in a different direction from that which should peculiarly qualify them to decide on the case in point. Mr. Feuardent modestly asks to "be permitted to name one member of the committee, who shall be known to the other party of the controversy in question as possessing the amount of archæological knowledge required to decide upon rather delicate and abstruse questions relating to the forms of ancient art." He is informed that this cannot be allowed. He says that he is willing to offer as his nominee even one of the Board of Trustees. President Barnard replies that this request is not one proper to be proffered to the committee or considered by them, since they had nothing to do with their own appointment. This may be true; but the fact that the Trustees of the Museum have put them in the position which justifies them to make such a reply to a very reasonable request can hardly inspire the public with the belief that the trustees desire the fullest investigation in the case.

Under these circumstances, we are not surprised that Mr. Feuardent declines to appear before the committee. In a communication to President Barnard he says: "I have some reputation at stake in the settlement of the matter in dispute, otherwise I presume that your committee would not have thought it necessary to investigate my charges. With the utmost respect for the character and attainments of the gentlemen who have been selected at the instance of one of the parties interested (the italics are our own.—Ed.), I must persist in respectfully declining to recognize the finality of an investigation to which my direct participation would lend a degree of authority which, it seems to me, public opinion cannot recognize. I must therefore content myself with reiterating the statements made by me and published in *THE ART AMATEUR* for August; *The World* of August 1st; *The Times* of August 6th; *The Herald*, August 31st, and *THE ART AMATEUR* for September and October."

It seems to us that Mr. Feuardent, in taking this position, is clearly in the right. We have more than once reminded the Trustees that nothing but a fairly constituted tribunal to try this case would satisfy the public, and it is difficult to conceive of any reasonable excuse for their ignoring deliberately Mr. Feuardent's right of representation in the committee. They are in a great measure responsible for the acts of their Director and fellow Trustee. They are therefore on trial as well as he is, and they owe it to themselves, as well as to Mr. Feuardent, to see that no reasonable request of that gentleman, looking to the furtherance of truth—the presumed object in view—be denied to him.

"PICTURESQUE CANADA."

AN art-publication of importance is about to appear in Canada—the next enterprise in point of time and merit to "Picturesque America." The forthcoming work is to be called "Picturesque Canada," and will soon commence to issue from the Art Publication Society of Toronto. It will be completed in thirty-six parts, and will include such subjects as the wild scenery of the Dominion, the old-world-looking architecture and fortifications of the cities, social life among the French population, etc. The art department will be found to bring out the unsuspected strength of native talent in Canada. President L. R. O'Brien, of the Toronto Academy of Art, will superintend and assist with the figure-pictures; Mr. Perré, a landscape artist, of To-

ronto; Mr. Napoleon Bourassa, an architect and painter, of Toronto, with Messrs. Edson and Raphael, of Montreal, will help in the embellishment. An auxiliary from Philadelphia has been sought in the person of Mr. Frederick B. Schell, whose experience on similar serial works dates from "A Century After," a Centennial art-publication highly appreciated by experts but forgotten by the book buyer. On the occasion of the recent visit of Mr. Schell to Quebec to advise with his Canadian allies, the reception by the present viceroy was most kindly and agreeable. Lord Lorne was first desecrated looking over the ramparts of the citadel of Quebec, and on perceiving below Mr. Belden, the head of the publication company, immediately told this gentleman to "come up and bring his friend." The Governor-General was looking out at the time for the arrival of Admiral McClintock, a naval notable who has made three or four polar voyages, and who was then momentarily expected in his ship, the Northampton. On seeing the artistic visitors he temporarily gave up his outlook, and descended with them into the old quarters of the city of Quebec, pointing out the picturesque nooks and bits—with which he was thoroughly familiar—as well as any painter could do, and proceeding speedily to walk the party off their legs with all the endurance of an athlete. Subsequently, at the ball given to the visiting admiral, Lord Lorne appeared in the distinction of the plainest evening dress—only designating his office with the ribbon and star—among his aides, whose court costume inevitably suggested to the untutored American mind the "togs" of liveried footmen. Afterward at a breakfast at Rideau Hall, and in explaining the toboggan slides, the Viceroy was similarly genial, unpretending, indefatigable, and athletic. The Canadian artists and their American coadjutor have already laid out all the subjects for illustration, of which the Dominion yields only an embarrassment of riches. Readers in the United States will hail with peculiar interest this illustrated report of a new and unsuspected wealth of natural beauties adjacent to their own land; no systematic illustration of any of the noble countries neighboring to our own, in the New World, has been undertaken heretofore. The Philadelphia ally called in by the Canada artists, Mr. Frederick B. Schell, is known by occasional exhibits in aquarelle at the displays of our Water-Color Society; at the last one, for instance, his whole contribution of four pictures was bought on the first day by the Rev. Mr. Beecher. He is also known besides as one of the illustrators in the new serial Longfellow, and remembered as the chief designer in the Centennial work already mentioned. But the curiosity will be, after all, for the efforts of the Canadian projectors of this novel work; it will be desirable to know the precise art-standing of Canada, now filling with academies, museums, and loan-exhibitions. The Governor-General is greatly and minutely interested in every step of the enterprise, and it is probable that sketches by the Princess Louise will be included. The literary department will be under the care of President Grant, of Kingston College.

SALE OF THE MAYNARD COLLECTION.

WITH special pleasure the writer visited, in happy days now past, the charming Boston collection of the late Harrison E. Maynard. After his lamented death the rich gallery of fine works left in the possession of his widow was one of the lions of St. Botolph's town. The magnificent Tissot in the parlor ("Faust and Marguerite"), the beautiful Couturier on the stair-landing, like a Bouguereau without his faults ("The Harvesters' Repast"), the superb "Coast View" of Troyon, and the abundance of most poetical works by our own Inness, covering the whole range of his rare talent, formed a most dazzling coruscation. Of Inness, Mrs. Maynard has been the special patron, doing much to create that admirable and original genius. It is mortifying to find that one of the finest of the works of Inness, "The Coming Storm," brought but \$130 at the sale on December 10th, in this city. This auction, almost forced upon the relict of the collector by the altered circumstances of her life, while it was a matter of regret to many of her friends, formed one of those genuine, legitimate, untampered-with sales that the public like. The prices, however, were not extravagant. When the best pictures at an auction go to dealers, it is fair to conclude that the profits are small. Thus Knoedler bought Bouguereau's "The Oranges" for \$5000; Mr. Moore, Hart's "Adirondacks," for \$410; Mr. Lan-

thier, Ziem's "Venice," for \$730; Mr. Avery, Diaz's "Bathers," for \$330; Mr. Lanthier, Corot's large "Landscape," for \$1500; Mr. Schaus, Daubigny's "Morning," for \$600; Mr. Knoedler, Dupré's "Early Morning," for \$750, and Mr. Schaus, Meyer von Bremen's "Coming from the Well," for \$1475. The gem of the collection, Tissot's exquisite garden scene, representing the courtship of Goethe's Marguerite, went for \$2500 to Mr. Angelo L. Meyers, a millionaire of New York, who is rapidly rising in consideration as a collector at once liberal and fastidious; he also bought the superb Troyon, "The Coast View," for \$7450, the highest price obtained; Brion's "Funeral," for \$1475; Schreyer's "Wallachian Team," for \$2150; Diaz's "Fagot Gatherer," for \$1185; and E. Frère's "Blind Mendicant," for \$1275. The very agreeable group by Couturier, in his old, ante-poultry-painting style, representing "The Repast of the Harvesters," went at \$650, a very great bargain, like many others. Seldom have we known a private collection, got together with good taste, and without the slightest taint of a speculating spirit, go to the public on such advantageous terms to the latter. The net result was \$49,270 for ninety-six pictures.

HOLIDAY PREMIUMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

IT gives us pleasure to announce that we have bought from the famous house of Tiffany & Co. the control of the entire edition of what we believe to be the most artistic set of menu cards that has been produced in this country. Each set consists of eight original designs made especially for the purpose by Mr. Whitehouse, the head of the stationery department, and the printing has been done under his personal supervision. As no less than seventeen different colors and tints are used in the decoration of the cards, and as each has required a separate printing, it is easy to see that the execution of such a job must have occupied much time and have called for the employment of extraordinary skill. The result certainly justifies the pains. Every printing shows a perfect register, and the combinations of color produce an admirable effect.

The motives of the designs are Japanese. To attempt to describe the decoration of each card in detail would occupy more space than we can devote to the subject, and would, after all, convey an inadequate idea of their appearance. They abound with quaint conceits and bits of composition, introducing birds, flowers, and fishes which will delight the hearts of amateur silk or china painters and art needlework designers.

We propose to divide each set into two sets, each complete in itself, and shall present one set of four cards to every subscriber, new or old, whose annual cash subscription shall be received either directly or through an agent prior to February the first. The money value of the full set of eight cards, according to the original price fixed by Messrs. Tiffany & Co., is five dollars—the same as that of our original premium etching by Mr. Volkmar announced in our last issue. We offer to every subscriber who sends us direct one extra subscription at four dollars, either the etching or the full set of eight menu cards, and to every subscriber who sends two subscriptions and seven dollars (i.e., club rates) we will send both the etching and the full set of menu cards.

Having made this very business-like announcement, we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that a multitude of subscribers, new and old, will receive these beautiful menu cards in time to use them for their holiday dinners, and

"May good digestion wait on appetite."

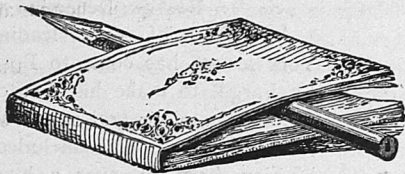
SOME OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR illustrations in the present number, we think, may be found worthy of more than passing consideration, no less for the variety of methods employed for their production than for their merits in drawing and design. Almost every kind of illustration suitable for relief printing is shown. We have the simple fac-simile reproduction of pen-and-ink drawings (on invitation cards, by members of the Salmagundi Club, to their reception at Sarony's gallery preliminary to the annual exhibition), and combined effects of ink, crayon, and Chinese white on specially prepared paper, by Mr. Camille Piton in his drawing of Mlle. Bernhardt's sculpture on the front page, and his drawing with lithographic effect after one of Solon's masterpieces in pâte-sur-pâte.

To these are contrasted the woodcuts on pages 30 and 31, by the famous Dalziel Brothers, from "Picturesque Tours in Picturesque Lands," and Dalziel's "Bible Gallery," respectively, imported through the London publishers by Messrs. Scribner & Welford. Mr. George R. Halm, in his clever Kettledrum Cards, which present some familiar Mother Goose rhymes with quite a new application, are simple pen-and-ink drawings with a "tint" ground, differing somewhat from Mr. Piton's flower designs for china painting in our extra supplement. Chinese white is effectively employed in conjunction with the "tint" to give the pupil a hint as to the proper direction of the brush in laying on his color.

FORTUNY'S "FANTASIA."

AT the establishment of Messrs. Knoedler, in this city, there has been received one of the capital and chief works of Fortuny—the "Fantasia," a subject belonging to the early part of the artist's career, and mentioned in his "Life," by the Baron Davilliers. Algeria has given our language two or three words, such as "razzia," "zouave," and in its present sense, "fantasia." The fantasia is a game played by mounted horsemen, a sort of sham fight in honor of the distinguished guest they may be entertaining or escorting. It is performed by the riders meeting each other at full gallop, pausing, and shooting under the horses' bodies of the opposite party; then, wheeling, dashing off to a distance, and meeting again with the same shock and "talking of the powder," as they call it. Fortuny, in representing such a scene, had a splendid chance to depict horses in motion, and excited Spahis. But the picture is an early one, the artist's touch is still a little timid and conventional; his scattering horses, distributed minutely about a plain, are more like the scrupulous and neat horses of Detaille than like the romantic thundering horses of Regnault. The landscape, especially the distant hill and sky to the left, is painted with a great deal of quiet power, and with some prediction of that skilful contrast of values which makes the daylight seem to burn so hotly in many of his later pictures. The whole effect of the canvas, for a Fortuny, is disappointing. He is still too near the traditions of Overbeck—one of whose pupils was his first instructor—to make a bold dash for the splendor and audacity he afterward attained. We see a hilly landscape and an enclosed plain, rather soberly sprinkled with little mounted figures, half lost against the groundwork. The passion and energy proper to these figures is only seen on minute inspection with a lens—it does not force itself on the eye as the master-motive of artfully relieved and conspicuous foreground groups. But as one of the Fortuny landmarks, an event in his biography, the picture is important, and it is pleasant to know that it will be retained in America. Messrs. Knoedler, as the representatives of Goupil, received this season some other notable works. A large woodland scene by Diaz, with velvety lights "flatted" (as the decorators say) over the tree-trunks, and a small Corot (among several of his larger subjects) showing his country village of the Ville d'Avray, through a lacework of intersecting branches—as well as another immense Corot, bright with sunset—are conspicuous in the collection.



My Note Book.



VIEWED as a whole, the paintings at the opening art exhibition of the Lotos Club were not of striking merit, although there were some excellent canvases. George H. Story's large interior, "Library at Winyah Park," was exhibited for the first time, and attracted much favorable comment. "Interior of Arreton Church, Isle of Wight," by J. F. Cropsey, is solidly painted and admirable in color. Among the landscapes

were a charming meadow scene, by Casilear, a good view on Lake Maggiore by H. A. Ferguson, and "Morning on the Upper Saranac," by C. H. Chapin, painted in his best manner. A capital river scene, called "An Anxious Moment," by A. F. Tait, showed a sportsman in a canoe, in the act of discharging his rifle at a splendid deer. "The Old Story," by Jerome Thompson—an impossible landscape with impossible figures—was much too bad to be exhibited, and the same may be said of a picture called "Olivia's Song," by a painter whose name I do not remember. Boughton's "Farewell," which has been engraved, Thomas Moran's "Communipaw Flats," and Louis C. Tiffany's "Market Day"—all excellent pictures—are too old acquaintances to call for present comment. Among other contributors to the exhibition were Arthur Quartley, George H. Smillie, A. Bierstadt, Van Elten, W. L. Sontag, J. F. Church, Charles H. Miller, J. H. Beard, W. H. Beard, Constant Mayer, Hovenden, Bridgman, Shurtleff, David Johnson, Frank Waller, Lyman, Bricher, and Marston Ream.

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THE only European artist represented was the wonderful Heimmerdinger, whose "Dead Hare," which attracted much attention at the National Academy Exhibition last year, and whose "High Life"—a dead canary hanging to the cover of a cigar-box—were lent to the exhibition by Mr. Fechteler, of this city. This gentleman, so far as I know, is the only person in this country who has imported any of Heimmerdinger's paintings. I understand, however, that Mr. S. P. Avery intends to bring some over next summer. They are certainly the perfection of imitative art. The cigar-box cover in the picture referred to is so natural that one visitor at the exhibition would not be satisfied that it was counterfeited until, when he thought he was unobserved, he had stealthily touched the canvas with his finger. This painting, of course, is not of the highest kind of art, but it is evident by the admirable work on the bird itself that Heimmerdinger could well afford to dispense with his childish tricks if he were inclined to do so. He is, however, evidently a wag, and he amuses himself by putting his jokes on canvas.

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THOSE who have begun Sensier's "Life of Millet" in Scribner's Magazine may now—thanks to the enterprise of James R. Osgood & Co., who have made some arrangement in the matter with the publishers of the magazine—find it complete, with illustrations and all, in book-form. With really wonderful rapidity the volume has been rushed through the press for the holidays, and, suffering nothing by the haste, makes one of the most attractive and readable volumes of the season.

* * *

SOME of the best of the Millet designs—including Cole's engraving of "The Sower," and Heard's cut of "The Spaders"—appear in the Second Portfolio of Pictures from Scribner's Monthly and St. Nicholas. This portfolio is somewhat different in its make-up from the one issued last year by Scribner & Co., and it is considerably cheaper in price, being published at only five dollars. There are fifty pictures, all printed this time on separate loose sheets, some of them in delicate tints. They include two of the clever reproductions of Seymour Haden's etchings by Jungling and Speer, Closson's "Young Russian Girl," Blum's drawings of Jefferson as "Bob Acres," Mrs. Gilbert as "Mrs. Candour," Cole's Gladstone and Seymour Haden, and his "Russian Nun," "Apollo and Marsyas," Savonarola, and many other gems of fine wood engraving and process reproduction, nearly all of which I have mentioned in this column in the course of the past year. On the whole, I think this second portfolio of proofs is better than the first. The examples are certainly more valuable in themselves, there being apparently no effort on the part of the publishers this time to draw attention to experimental eccentricities in wood-engraving.

* * *

"WILL Sarah Bernhardt model the bust of Mr. Longfellow, or will she not?" is a question that is agitating the country press a good deal. It was first announced that the poet had consented to sit to her, and then it was reported that he had declined. The facts are that Mr. Longfellow actually agreed to be modelled by the fair sculptress, but his daughters subsequently persuaded him to give up the idea,

It is surprising how many persons' fortunes, besides her own, this wonderful little woman is instrumental in making. Like the fairy princess in the story-book, she drops pearls and rubies whenever she opens her mouth, and whenever she combs her hair the floor is strewn with diamonds. There seems to be hardly any limit to the schemes for profit associated with her name which have been launched since her arrival in this country. As for her photographs, Sarony is thousands of cards behind his orders for them, and is likely to continue so for some time. The photographs of her sculpture, particularly the "Ophelia," are excellent, and I hear they sell well. Those who suppose that her work in this direction is that of an ordinary amateur have only to look at this photograph, if they cannot see the original, to discover their error. The exhibition of her paintings and sculpture is even more successful in Boston than it was in New York, and, in conjunction with it, thousands of copies of the illustrated "Catalogue and Souvenir," containing, among other pictures, eight of her own sketches, are bought eagerly at twenty-five cents a piece.

* * *

HER reception at Boston was voted a social as well as an artistic success, many of the "best people" of the Hub attending it, and being presented to her. She had been hard at work all the morning in the Studio Building, revarnishing her paintings, stopping in her work every now and then to give her autograph to this visitor or make a sketch for that visitor who happened to drop in. This she did invariably with the most perfect good humor. An enthusiastic Frenchman begged her to let him keep the brush she had been using, which she laughingly consented to do, and added to the value of the gift by painting on the flat side of the handle a miniature of her "Perroquets" which hangs in the gallery. In the afternoon she was on hand again, to do the honors of the reception. For two mortal hours, nearly weighed down by heavy furs, she stood near the entry and received the compliments of her visitors, some of whom—the ladies particularly—were tediously effusive with their curious French, of which they delivered themselves with immense satisfaction. She hardly understood a word of it; but, to judge from the interested expression of her face, you would have supposed that it was extremely entertaining to her. Among the newspaper men present—and they seemed legion—was Monsieur Soudan, whose letter in The Sun, in Bernhardt's defence against her detractors, attracted much attention a few days ago. Mr. Thiebelin, of the staff of that journal, has been generally credited with the authorship of the article, the signature "Soudan" it being supposed was one of his many noms de plume. But I can vouch that Soudan is a separate entity, and a very good-looking young Frenchman to boot. He wears glasses and a very becoming single-breasted frock-coat, which buttons with military "frogs" all down the front.

* * *

THE Salmagundi Sketch Club is becoming famous, as it well deserves to be; for it contains an immeasurable amount of talent, which one of these days will assert itself in a way which will startle the world of art. Joseph Hatton, in a recent London (?) letter to The New York Times, says that one of the club's black and white exhibitions in London "would be a revelation to English artists." He writes:

"I gathered from my interviews with the Salmagundians that neither socially nor financially does the American artist come near his brother of London. America seems to have no standard of judgment in regard to native merit. The American artist must leave his own country and make a name in London, Paris, or Rome before his own people believe in him. If Mr. Burns, who has all the artistic instincts for marine work that belong to our English Hook, should ever have the means and the courage to fix his residence in Europe, his American work will, within two years of his leaving home, go up 100 per cent in market value."

* * *

AT the forthcoming exhibition of the Salmagundi Club there promises to be the best collection of American etchings ever got together at one time. Mr. Volkmar, a member of the club, will send prints of the various states of the etching he has just completed for THE ART AMATEUR. He says he considers it the best he has done. I think so, too, and to say that, all who know what good work he has done will admit is no slight praise.

MONTEZUMA,